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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



ST. COLUMBA PREACHING TO THE PICTS.

(From the picture by W. Hole, R.S.A.)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Pomona in London.

BY W. M. LETTS.

WHEN Pomona was invited by Great-aunt Clarissa Prendergast to pay her a visit in London, the rest of the family were decidedly envious. They pictured—in gloomy conclave on the roof of the henhouse—a thousand scenes of gaiety in which Pomona would take part. She was, of course, the eldest, and so had a certain right to represent the household; she had, besides, been growing fast and required a change; but still the younger members of the Thompson family could not repress a qualm of envy when they thought of the Zoo, the Chamber of Horrors, Earl's Court, Gamage's—all those places where Pomona would soon be revelling with Aunt Clarissa Prendergast.

Yet had they seen her on the fourth afternoon of her stay in London, they might not have been so envious. Pomona was standing at the drawing-room window of a house in Cromwell Place, gazing forlornly at the station of the District Railway and trying to find amusement in the people going in and out.

Aunt Clarissa was a lady of habit. She did not come down till twelve o'clock; then if it were fine she took a drive. At two o'clock she dined, and afterwards had a sleep. At five she had tea, then her lamp was brought in, and she did her knitting while Pomona read aloud. On fine afternoons Elizabeth the housemaid took Pomona out. They had been to the South Kensing-

ton Museum and to Kensington High Street, so Pomona had really seen London and had news for the family in Devonshire, but still it was not what they all had dreamed.

This afternoon Aunt Clarissa had gone out in a cab to visit a friend of hers. It would be dull for Pomona, she declared, to sit with two old ladies; she had better go with Elizabeth to the Museum. But Elizabeth had rheumatism, and said another day would be better for the Museum, and advised Pomona to make herself happy in the drawing-room.

This Pomona tried loyally to do. "After all, it is London," she said. But for all this she felt a strange, lonely, forlorn feeling that made her lip tremble and her eyes water. "I won't," she said, clenching her fists. "Lieutenant Vesey would never have cried just because he couldn't go out."

Now Lieutenant Vesey needs explanation. Pomona had found him in a queer old dusty book on Aunt Clarissa's shelves. The book was about wars on the Indian frontier, and it was very exciting reading in parts, especially when you could find nothing else. Lieutenant Vesey, an officer of Guides, had held his lonely frontier post with a handful of loyal Indians against starvation, and finally against the Afghan insurgents. When the relieving force arrived they found him dead, as they thought, over the body of one of his garrison, but he recovered. Unfortunately the book said no more, and the later history of Lieutenant Vesey was left to the reader's fancy.

"*He* wouldn't cry," said Pomona again, pressing her face to the window.

Ah! there was the funny old gentleman going by! She met him every time she went out with Elizabeth. She could not see his eyes through his blue glasses, but his mouth smiled at her. He must live near. And there was a man with a monkey. Pomona felt in her pocket. She had a precious penny there, but the monkey was cold, no doubt, and a penny would buy him nuts. She would just run down to the door and look out.

Pomona ran down the stairs. The hall was dim with shadow. The maids were gossiping downstairs; they paid no heed to the opening of the door.

Now Pomona knew she must not go out in London by herself, but she did not mean to go farther than the end of the Place after the retreating man with the monkey. She ran after him; but he had turned the corner and crossed the road before he looked back at Pomona. She crossed the road after him and pressed the penny into his hand. He smiled, and went on his way. Then Pomona saw the funny old gentleman standing on the pavement, looking anxiously to right and left. He had not noticed her.

She hesitated for a moment, then went bravely up to him and touched his arm.

"Shall I take you across?" she asked. "I think it's safe now."

The old gentleman stared, like some bewildered beetle, through his blue glasses. "Thank you; yes, do, my dear. Quick now!" He caught her

arm, and they hurried breathlessly across the road.

"You know," said Pomona, panting, "the comfort is you need only look one way at a time, for things *must* keep their side. Anyway, it's not as bad as Paris."

"Paris, eh? You know Paris?"

"Yes; we lived in France a long time. Daddy is an artist, you know."

"I didn't know. I wondered who you were. Is this your way? Why haven't you on a hat? Little girls oughtn't to be out alone."

"Oh! but I'm just round the corner in Cromwell Place with Aunt Clarissa. I only ran after the monkey."

"I see—I see, and you rescued an old fellow in passing? Now, can't you come into my house and have tea with me, eh?"

"I'd love to," she explained, "but, you see, I couldn't without Aunt Clarissa's leave."

"No, no, of course you couldn't. Is Aunt Clarissa at home? We might ask her."

"No—that's the worst, she's out, and Elizabeth has a sore toe, so I'm having tea by myself. I suppose you couldn't—you wouldn't have tea with me?"

"Why not? Why not?" he asked abruptly. "In Cromwell Place, eh? Well, come along."

The hall door stood open, but there was Elizabeth looking out.

"Miss Pomona! where 'ave you been?" she began.

"Only across the road, Elizabeth, really; just round the corner after a monkey man, and—and I met this

gentleman, please, Elizabeth, and he's coming in to tea."

Elizabeth looked very severe indeed. A less gallant old gentleman would have fled.

"I will leave my card for Miss—Miss——?"

"Prendergast—that is Aunt Clarissa's name," explained Pomona.

"Very good! I will leave my card for Miss Prendergast. I hope she will excuse the informality of my visit, but this young lady rendered me some assistance just now."

Elizabeth still looked severe. She waited until the card was left on the hall table; then she picked it up and examined it. Her face brightened. Meanwhile Pomona had led her new friend into the drawing-room.

"Now," she said, "you must have Aunt Clarissa's chair, and here's a footstool. I'll poke the fire, and it will look quite cheerful, won't it?"

The old gentleman removed his spectacles and looked at the child, who was kneeling on the rug.

"Why did they call you Pomona?" he asked shortly.

"Because, you see, I was born nearly in an orchard—in a house, of course, but it was a farm in Devonshire, close to an orchard, and the trees were all in blossom. Pomona was the goddess of orchards, you know. Daddy thought of it; it's grand—too grand for just me."

"And you're staying here with Aunt Clarissa, are you?—all by yourself, eh?"

"Yes. You see, I'm the eldest of us all."

"Hum! And what does Aunt Clarissa do to amuse you?"

"Oh! she's very kind. I've been out in a cab with her twice. And I've been out with Elizabeth to Kensington High Street, and to the Museum. It's such fun being in London, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I hate it myself. Now, tell me more. What else do you do? What did you do this afternoon, alone, in this great big room?"

"Well, I read," she explained. "I was reading a book about frontier wars."

"Mercy on us, child! what makes you read about frontier wars?"

"Oh! I love it since I read about Lieutenant Peter Vesey. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Peter Vesey—let me see—yes, I have heard of him."

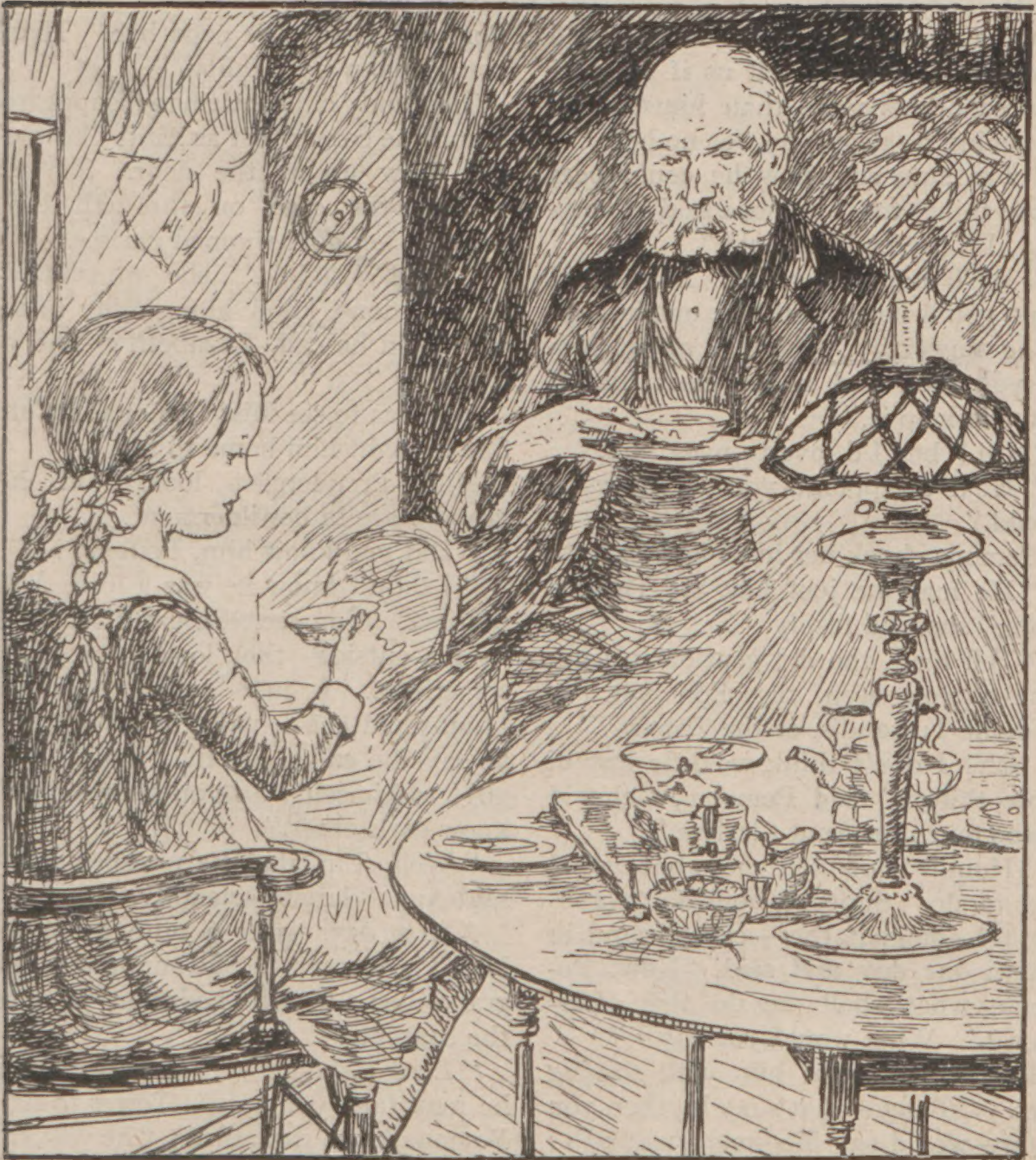
"Oh, he was glorious! When I daren't do things—take a cold bath, or go upstairs in the dark—I shall always think of him. He was such a hero. If you like I'll read you about him."

"Very well, child, read away."

She had just finished when Elizabeth brought in the tea. Elizabeth had changed her apron, and she beamed upon Pomona.

"I'll put the table near you, miss," she said, "and I'll bring the lamp directly. You can ring for anything you want, Miss Pomona."

"How nice Elizabeth has got," said Pomona afterwards. "I was afraid she was cross at my having a visitor. Now, please tell me about your hero, if you have one."



"Mine? Oh yes, he's a much finer fellow than yours: mine is Sir Thomas More, that great gentleman who joked and laughed so that people might not suspect him of being a saint and a hero."

"Still you don't know that Lieutenant Vesey wasn't like that too.

Because, you see, the book doesn't say."

"No, child, it doesn't tell us whether he could grow old cheerfully and patiently. It doesn't tell us if he could bear gout and toothache and bronchitis decently. It doesn't tell us if he enjoyed seeing other people

have a good time when he was old and ill. It doesn't tell us if he considered others more than himself. If he couldn't—pooh! he was no hero."

"I'm sure somehow he could bear those things too," Pomona said; "anyway, I'll pretend he could."

"We'll hope so, child. Anyway, I hope you'll never find him out in anything unworthy. Pretend about him as you like, and never meet him if you can help it."

"Oh! but I'd love to meet him."

"He'd disappoint you—I know he would."

Pomona shook her head loyally.

"He may be just like Sir Thomas More," she said firmly.

"Tell me," the old gentleman said, "have you seen the Zoo yet, or Madame Tussaud's, or the Tower?"

"Oh! I don't think we'll do any of those things," said Pomona; "they'd be too much for Aunt Clarissa."

"Hum! Now tell me what you'd like to do. Suppose your fairy god-mother—or godfather—came round in a taxi one day and said, 'Now, Pomona, what shall we do this afternoon?' What would you say?"

Pomona gazed at him with shining eyes. "Piggy—that's my brother, you know—would say Madame Tussaud's; I know he would. But—no, I think if I was choosing it would be the Tower. But yet I'd love to go in a Tube, and to see the Strand, and to have tea in a place with a band, and chocolate cakes."

"Very good! That's a hint of a programme at least—taxi, Tubes, the Tower, tea somewhere. Now, Miss

Pomona, I will say good-bye. Thank you for your hospitality."

The funny old gentleman disappeared round the corner just as Aunt Clarissa's cab drew up at the door. She examined the card on the hall table through her gold-rimmed glasses.

"Lord Eskdale," she murmured; "but I don't know him. Why in the world did he call, Elizabeth? Did he explain?"

"It was to see Miss Pomona, ma'am. She brought him home to tea."

Miss Prendergast looked at her grand-niece in bewilderment.

"Did you know him, Pomona?"

"I didn't know he was a lord, Aunt Clarissa. You see, one can't tell lords by the outside—they look so ordinary, sometimes. I just called him the 'funny old gentleman' to myself, and he says he called me the 'happy little girl' to himself. So you see we didn't know each other."

"Well, I'm glad he's respectable," said Aunt Clarissa solemnly.

A few days later a note came for Miss Prendergast. She summoned her grand-niece to her bedroom to hear the contents.

"Lord Eskdale very kindly asks if he may take you to the Tower to-day, Pomona," she explained; "he will call for you at three o'clock to-day. Put on your best coat and hat, and behave very nicely."

At three o'clock Pomona was waiting in the hall. She was wearing her little black velvet hat and coat, with the tippet and muff that looked like ermine, but were not. Her face was glowing with excitement. It is very

fine when you are just eleven to be going out into the great wonder-world of London. She opened the door before Elizabeth could get upstairs.

"Here I am," she said. "I wouldn't waste a minute; and you *are* a fairy godfather."

"Rather a blind one, my dear; you will have to guide me. Now, we begin on the District Railway, then change at I forget where, and go by Tube to the Tower; we come back in a taxi."

A little later Pomona found herself in one of the Tube trains sitting by her companion.

"Oh! they *do* smell nice, don't they?" she cried. "And it's quite easy to find your train, because it's written up where you have to go, and it's such fun at the stations running about the rabbit holes."

* * * * *

They saw everything that wonderful afternoon—the grim Traitors' Gate and the Bloody Tower, the block and the site of the scaffold, the dreadful Torture Chamber, and Sir Walter Raleigh's tiny cell. They saw the Chapel, and read the names of the illustrious dead who lie there. It was history made real, terribly real. And they saw Tower Bridge, and the great river, with its shipping and its barges; and Pomona felt that she had been to the heart of old London, the cruel old London of long ago.

"Now," said Lord Eskdale, "we're going to new London. We'll call a taxi, and go to the Waldorf for tea. We'll listen to the band, and you shall eat cream cakes and chocolate things that would kill me. Come along."

That taxi drive was a wonderful dream to Pomona. She saw the places she had read of and heard of for years. She saw the lights flashing on the bridges and in the streets. She saw the great shop windows full of all the splendours of the town. And how they rushed round corners, and made perilous passages between motor buses and carts and other motors! It was the most thrilling moment in her life, Pomona thought.

"You wouldn't think the world could be so full," she exclaimed. "It seems very 'straordinary to see such heaps of people, doesn't it?"

"You wouldn't like it always, child."

"Oh no; just for a holiday."

The Waldorf looked to Pomona like Aladdin's palace.

"One might be in a pantomime," she said breathlessly.

The old gentleman smiled at her.

"You're enjoying yourself, eh?" he asked. "Is this *seeing* London, eh?"

"Oh! it is; thank you."

"That's right! It's better for you than sitting in that big Cromwell Place drawing-room all the afternoon."

"I *was* homesick that afternoon before you came. But I thought of Lieutenant Vesey, and I wouldn't cry."

"That fellow!—you thought of him. eh? He's still a hero, is he? Get another one, child. Why! he's not the young man of your dreams any longer, you may be sure; but a withered old fellow going about on two sticks, and as cross as red pepper, I'll be bound."

"I'm sure he's still a great gentleman—like Sir Thomas More. Oh! do you know, Lord Eskdale, I wanted to tell you, and then something stopped me. When we were in the Tower looking at the armour, I went back to stroke a cat that was lying on the hot pipes. Some one was talking to a beefeater near me. The beefeater said, 'Yes, he was General Vesey, the one that fought the Afghans: one of our greatest Indian officers.' I looked round, and I could only see you looking at the armour, and another old gentleman some way off. Do you think he was General Vesey?"

"Take a cream cake," Lord Eskdale said hurriedly.

"Thank you. Do you think it was?"

"What?"

"General Vesey—the other old gentleman."

"No; I suppose it was this one. My name is Vesey, Pomona."

"Is it? Oh! Why didn't you tell me before? I'd no idea you were a soldier. Do tell me quick—are you related to——?"

"Yes, yes, child, in a way."

"His cousin?"

"No, not that."

"Brother?"

"No."

"You aren't—you aren't Lieutenant Peter Vesey yourself, are you?"

"You must forgive me—I am."

Pomona was silent for half a minute; then she laughed aloud.

"Oh! I'm so glad. I was right—he did grow old nicely—like a great gentleman, like Sir Thomas More."

Great Soldiers of Old Testament Days.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT PHARAOH.

THIRTY-TWO centuries ago the greatest king in the world was the Pharaoh of Egypt. The Egyptians called their king *the Pharaoh*, because that word meant "the double great house." He ruled over Upper and Lower Egypt, and wore a double crown upon his head—the tall white crown of the South, and the curved red crown of the North, in front of which was the golden *uraeus*, or serpent, the magic protection against his enemies.

But the Pharaoh of Bible days ruled over a much greater empire than even Upper and Lower Egypt. Syria and part of Palestine were under his sway; and so were the whole valley of the river Euphrates, and the districts on the river Tigris, right up to Assyria and Mesopotamia. All that vast country is, of course, of the greatest interest to us now, because great battles were waged there between our own armies and the forces of the Turks during the Great War.

In the days of Moses the great Pharaoh of Egypt was King Rameses the Second, and his chief enemy was the Hittite. Many people have supposed that the Hittites, whose empire extended over part of Palestine, as well as North-West Syria, were the ancestors of the unfortunate Armenians who have long suffered oppression and butchery at the hands of the



RAMESES THE GREAT.

Turk. In Bible days these Hittites were a most formidable people. The Hittite king, Mutallu, had a fine army ; and his headquarters at Kadesh were in a part of Palestine which Rameses meant to have for himself. He made the excuse of a broken treaty, and declared war upon Mutallu.

Rameses was not a great general, but he had unbounded confidence in his own powers. If we were to believe all the boasting inscriptions on Egyptian monuments, we might suppose him to have been the greatest emperor the world ever saw. That is because he clearly thought so himself ! All his life he had been accustomed to be flattered and treated as if he were a god. Men flung themselves upon the ground in his presence, and threw dust upon their heads as signifying themselves to be but worms before the divine figure of Pharaoh. He lost no opportunity of building vast statues of himself in every town and temple, and had his name carved on every bridge and building and column in the land. Sometimes Rameses came across emblems of former kings upon Egyptian buildings, in which case he had them chipped off and his own carved in instead.

It must have been a wonderful sight the passing of the Egyptian expeditionary forces through Memphis on their way to Syria and Palestine. It was the greatest army that the world had ever seen in those days. The Egyptians themselves were not a soldierly race. When the recruiting officers came round, as we can see from graphic pictures on their bas-

reliefs, hundreds of citizens of Thebes and Memphis ran away and hid themselves rather than join the ranks of Pharaoh's army and wear the soldier's armlet. The rank and file of the army were largely composed of men of other nationalities, tempted to join the forces by offers of booty. Rameses employed so many foreign soldiers in his immense army that the Egyptians began to be alarmed. They feared them just as they feared the growing numbers of Israelite slaves whom Seti and Rameses employed in building their temples and store cities.

The streets of old Memphis were thronged with cheering crowds as Rameses and his army passed through it on their march against the Hittites.

First came the chariots—hundreds of them in close formation, drawn by magnificent horses from Syria. The Egyptian war-chariot was a light and graceful framework between two strong plain wheels. So light was it that a single man could carry one upon his shoulders ; so strong that each chariot held two warriors in armour, and could be driven at full gallop into the heart of the battle. The driver was called the *Kazana*, and the fighting man was the *Sinni*. Both of them were commissioned officers.

Behind the chariots came the light troops—agile, athletic fellows, with nothing on their heads and but a loin cloth about their bodies ; and each man carried a bow in his left hand and an axe or boomerang in the right.

Next came the heavy infantry regiments—the men clad in leather aprons, and something not so very

unlike the Scottish kilt, with long oval shields on their right arms, and in their left hands a little axe. They were led by a tall Egyptian, who blew on a trumpet and walked backwards at their head.

Then followed the great lords and the battalions from their districts, the men of each regiment bearing on their shields the arms or emblem of the *nome*, or county, from which they came. Many of these heraldic devices were very like our own, and perhaps they have come down to us from those old lords and their clans nearly four thousand years ago.

As they passed through the streets every window was thronged with waving citizens and friends. On bright-coloured cushions leant dark Egyptian ladies, their hair dressed in a great frizz behind their heads, their eyes outlined with black pigment, their long flowing robes of transparent gauze, so fine that it was like "spun-air," their finger-nails dyed red, and with golden rings on their arms and about their necks. Tall negroes stood in groups about the doors; citizens in white, with great black wigs on their heads; lords and officers of state with wands in their hands, and at their side the court *sakhmu* or heavy flat-bladed weapon of the noble, set in a round handle of hardwood.

Presently the troops passed the gay stand before the palace where Pharaoh and his court received the royal salute; and as each regiment drew near it paused for a moment and knelt, the standard-bearers holding up their banners, and raising their right hands to praise the king.

If ever a Pharaoh "looked the part" it was Rameses the Great! In spite of his extraordinary arrogance and obvious belief that he was the greatest and wisest man in all the world, Rameses was a popular Pharaoh. He was the kind of king those ambitious people could understand. His figure is carved on hundreds of Egyptian bas-reliefs, where one may see him to this day, riding like a god in his war-chariot, and driving before him the hosts of his foes. The mummy of this great Pharaoh lies in the museum at Cairo, and one may look upon the very features of the man who oppressed the Israelites and made war upon the Hittite kings. On the dead face of that Pharaoh of the Bible, with its narrow brows, high cheek-bones, and high-bridged nose, lies still the look of pride and disdain, the look of utterly scornful repose.

When all his troops had passed the palace, the Pharaoh mounted his chariot and joined the host, and the whole great army set out across the desert for the frontier towns of Tchar and Zallu, to the east of where now lies the Suez Canal. His own special bodyguard was composed of fierce, looking *Shairetana*, barbarians from the Libyan desert, with round helmets on their heads, crested with metal balls and long pointed horns.

(*To be continued.*)

Golden Text for the Month.

Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.—HEBREWS x. 36.

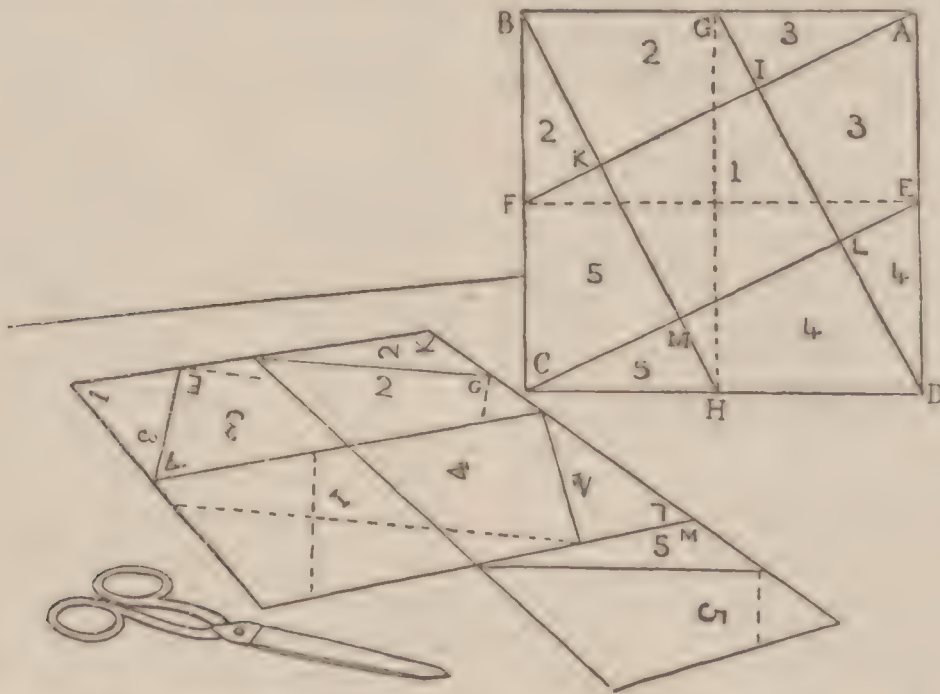
To divide a Square into Five Equal Squares.

IF you were asked to divide a square into four equal squares, you would smile at the simplicity of the problem. You would say, "Fold it along one middle line and then along the other, and the thing is done."

But suppose you were asked to divide the square into five equal squares,

by four exactly similar and equal figures each of four sides, while the remaining parts are equal triangles, any one of which with any one of the four-sided figures will make up a square exactly equal to the central square. By cutting the paper along these lines we obtain nine fragments which can be readily pieced together to form five squares.

The construction may be assumed to verify the truth of the proposition ; but



how would you proceed ? This problem is not immediately obvious ; yet it can be effected in a very simple manner.

First fold the square ABCD into four quarters, as already described. Let FE and GH be these middle folds. Join AF, BH, CE, DG—that is, by pairs of parallel lines drawn from the middle points of the sides to the corners. These lines cut so as to portion off nine parts, of which the middle one is a perfect square, bounded

mathematicians would not accept it as a proof. It is easy to see, however, that the small square is exactly one-fifth of the large square, if we take for granted the well-known proposition, first proved by Pythagoras, that in a right-angled triangle the sum of the squares of the sides containing the right angle is equal to the square on the hypotenuse or side opposite the right angle.

In the first place, it is obvious that

the four large triangles and the four small triangles are all similar, and that therefore in each the longer side containing the right angle is twice the shorter side.

Thus $KI = IA = 2 IG$.

But $IA^2 + IG^2 = AG^2$.

Now the whole square is equal to $4 AG^2$. Hence

$$\begin{aligned} 4 AG^2 &= 4 IA^2 + 4 IG^2 \\ &= 4 IA^2 + IA^2 = 5 IA^2. \end{aligned}$$

To form the five squares from the nine parts is simple enough ; but it is not quite so easy to reconstruct the original large square from the pieces after they have been confusedly mingled together. Try it.

A Scout Adventure.

THIS is the scout, the valiant scout,
The scout that his friends called
Smithers,

Who yearned for a name, and a crown
of fame

Of the sort that never withers !
His legs were thin, and his toes
turned in,

Yet he walked with a strut quite
martial.

(His mother said so, and she ought
to know,

Though mothers, of course, are
partial.)

And this is the wall, the red brick wall,
The wall that Smithers shinned up,
On the fateful day that he came its
way,

And ended by getting the wind up.

'Twas a very good wall to climb : you
found

No glass on the top that stumped
you ;

And if with a yell from its top you fell,

Well, it wasn't the *wall* that bumped
you !

And this is the pig with the twisty tail,

The pig that inspired with terror

Our hero bold with his heart of gold,

Who paid him a call in error.

I wonder whatever became of him ?

I fancy his end was gory ;

That he came to a stop in a butcher's
shop ;

—But that is a separate story !

Equals.

THE captain of a boat is an absolute
monarch, and the equal of every
other boat captain, no matter how
much bigger or better his boat, as the
following conversation shows.

"Clear out of the way with that
old mud-scow !" shouted an officer.

"Are ye the captain of that vessel ? "
came from the barge.

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer equals. I'm
the captain of this ! "

Motto for October.

*You will find that luck is only pluck,
To try things over and over.*

Patience and Will,

Courage and Skill,

Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

Sent in by VERA MARTIN,
91 St. Mary's Road, Oxford,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE LAUNCH CAME BACK
TO SMUGGLERS'.

ONE day Esther and Davie had been off in the pasture, and came back in a great haste to Marian and Delbert. As soon as they got within calling distance Esther began to shout, "Davie's found a *panal*! Davie's found a *panal*!"

"Don't believe it," said Delbert shortly.

"Have," declared Davie, coming up with a grin reaching from one ear round to the other, "Have, too. 'S whopper. Heap big chief me. Find whopper *panal*. All the tribe eat."

Marian smiled indulgently. "Great brave, Hiawatha! Where did you find it? Where Pocahontas had just pointed it out to you?"

"No," with great scorn; "I saw it myself. I pointed it out to *her*."

"Is that so, Pocahontas?" asked Marian, still smiling.

"Yes, it is," declared Esther; "and it is a big one, bigger than we ever had before, and we have been by it lots of times and none of us ever saw it before. Come on, Marian, let's have it for supper. We haven't had one for a year."

"I guess we haven't," agreed Marian. "Somehow *panales* are not very plenty. What do you say, Delbert? Shall we go and take in this newly discovered and most marvellously large *panal*?"

"All right," said Delbert. "Let me fix the retort first."

So they all trooped off and were soon *en route* to the pasture. It was a big *panal*, and it was so near to the path that it was a thousand wonders that they had never seen it before, with all those little workers flying back and forth. But then it was a long way from the wickiup, and they had been so busy with the canoe lately that they had not been much in the pasture; and probably it had grown pretty fast, and a few weeks earlier would not have shown much.

At any rate, they took their toll of the little workers now, taking care to leave enough of the centre for them to build on again, and going off with their booty in the kettle and pail, well covered. They had not gone far when they came upon the deer, and, of course, Delbert must try for a shot. He could have got one, a little fawn, but his heart forbade. It was such a dainty little darling that he wouldn't have minded catching it alive, but as long as there was other food he would not kill it.

It was past noon as they wended their way back. Those who were not carrying honey gathered up wood. Davie was ahead. As they came out by the rock where the path wound smoothly down to the pier, Davie stopped suddenly and let his wood fall to his feet.

"Look!" he said excitedly. "What's that? Is that a canoe by the pier?"

They all looked.

"Canoe!" said Delbert in a queer, quiet voice. "That's the launch."

When the Hadleys had left Mexico they had turned their steps toward California. They had some friends there, but the place they finally bought was not near any of them. It was many miles inland, too, for Mrs. Hadley had said she did not want to live by the ocean.

"All my life I have been fond of it," she said, "but now I don't want ever to have to see it again."

So they had settled down on a little fruit farm in the interior.

They are not cheap, those little fruit farms of California. The price asked per acre is usually enough to make your head swim till you get used to it, and the Hadleys were not rich, which explains the fact that every cent they had in the world was not enough to pay for that farm. But they paid over what they had and set out to raise the rest from the farm itself. In a few years they had succeeded.

Neither of them was old yet; they could still work, and did work. But Mrs. Hadley's face was quieter than it had been in former years, though she went about patient and cheerful, a busy, kindly woman, much beloved by her neighbours.

Mr. Hadley was older than his wife by a number of years. He was beginning to turn gray when their great

sorrow came to them, and his hair whitened rapidly after that, and somehow he did not seem so tall as he had been; but, aside from that, one would not have seen any great change in him.

They made a fair living, nothing more, out of the farm. Sometimes there is drought, you know, or there is failure of crops for some other reason, or the crop is too large, and then prices go down, and transportation takes most of the profits in any case. And because of all these things the Hadleys had been in California over six years before they felt free to take a little visiting-trip among their friends who lived in the State.

They had to plan most carefully then to keep within the limits of their very modest income, for already there loomed on the horizon of the future the expenses of the coming season. But they went and had a good time, being heartily welcomed everywhere, and nowhere more heartily than at the Harrises', the last place on their list. The Harrises had been old neighbours at the Port, being in fact none other than the family who numbered among its members the Clarence to whom the Island Hawks felt that they owed so much.

Clarence was not a boy now; he was a man grown, but he still lived at home and helped his father run a fruit ranch of about four times the size of that of the Hadleys. A man grown he was, but in many respects the same boy, as was proved by the way his widowed sister's children trailed at his heels all day.

The Hadleys arrived in the evening, and it was not till the next day at noon that the conversation turned upon their loss at the Port. The Harrises had heard about the happening at the time, for Mrs. Harris corresponded with Bobbie's mother, and they had received, too, several newspapers containing reports of the occurrence, these having been marked and sent out by Mr. Cunningham to various persons to whom he knew the event would be of interest. But there were, of course, details that they had never heard, and it was only natural that they should ask for the story and that Mr. Hadley should tell it over as they sat about the table after the main part of the meal had been eaten.

Clarence was sitting between his lively little niece and nephew, cracking walnuts for them, picking the meats out into their eager little hands, and making little boats and turtles of the shells. The little boy had slipped down and brought him the mucilage-bottle, a piece of stiff paper, and his grandmother's best shears, purloined from her basket with many sideways glances.

Mr. Hadley told the tale quietly. They were undemonstrative people, and after these years they could talk of this quite without emotion. He told it all—all the little incidents—how Esther had been sent for the forgotten bathing-suits the evening before; how Marian had started out without sufficient wraps, and Bobbie's mother had made her take her big cape; of the question Mr. Faston put to them as they were going down to the

pier, and Delbert's answer; of the long search and nothing to pay for it save the little handkerchief beaten into the sand. The others asked a question now and then during the recital, but Clarence sat silent, letting no word of the story escape him, but making no comments as he worked quietly on the little shell boats.

When Mr. Hadley finished, he laid his shipbuilding tools down by his shell-littered plate, and, looking into the white-haired father's eyes, spoke.

"Mr. Hadley," he said, "Smugglers' Island was not within fifty miles of the Rosalie Group."

In one of the busy seaport towns of the Pacific coast Mr. Hadley sat at a little restaurant table, eating an inexpensive meal alone. Every cent that he and his wife possessed in the wide world had gone into that little fruit farm up in the hills, and now by means of a mortgage on it he had raised money enough to carry him back to the coast to take up the old heart-breaking task. His passage was already engaged on a steamer to sail for the Port the next day. Mrs. Hadley remained on the farm to carry on the work there as best she could alone.

If this were a model story, Clarence would most assuredly have gone with his old neighbour, but in real life people do not start on journeys unless they have the railroad or steamship fare, which Clarence did not have. It takes money to travel, and ordinary people cannot get money so easily that they can afford to spend it on

anything that is not strictly necessary. Certainly Clarence wanted badly enough to go and show the way to Smugglers' and search for his old playmates, but the best he could actually do was to make a map of the coast and San Moros, as well as he could remember it, and give it to Mr. Hadley, with the name of the old Indian who had told him about Smugglers' in the first place, but who, doubtless, had slept with his fathers for years now.

What did Mr. Hadley expect to find on Smugglers'? Certainly not his living children, for had they lived through the storm, even though the launch were disabled or destroyed, Pearson would have found some way to get back. No; it was only a confirmation of death which the father looked for at best, something to show where and how his children had perished—some fragment of the launch perhaps, all but buried in the sand.

As he sat eating, there came slowly into his consciousness a face at a table near him. He looked at it. Surely it had not been there when he came in. Whose was it? Why did it seem to claim his attention more than the dozen others on all sides? He tried to resume his meal, but—who was that man? where had he seen that face before?

In a blinding flash it came to him. It was Pearson—Pearson, the man whom Cunningham had sent with Marian and the children in the launch. But, of course, that could not be. Pearson was dead—dead these nearly seven years ago; but this fellow—

Just then the man looked up and

met his gaze. It was the look of a complete stranger. Mr. Hadley politely dropped his eyes. But he did not drop his thinking, and so keenly conscious was he of that face that he knew instantly when the other rose from the table.

Mr. Hadley glanced up again. The other was leaving his dinner almost untouched. Mr. Hadley himself arose. His memory for faces was remarkably good; that man had Pearson's face—he might be a brother; at any rate, he would speak to him; it could not be Pearson, but why was he leaving his dinner uneaten?

The man, who was sauntering out apparently without haste, glanced back and saw Mr. Hadley advancing toward him, and a look came over his face that Mr. Hadley did not mistake. In a flash he knew it *was* Pearson; impossible as it seemed, it *was* Pearson, and he was afraid!

A moment or two later a placid policeman just turning a corner was knocked nearly off his feet and out of his dignity by a man coming from the opposite direction—a man past middle age, with white hair and flashing eyes.

"Officer," he cried, grasping the representative of the law by the arm, "arrest that man!—the one in brown with the striped coat!"

"What's the charge?" inquired the policeman.

"There will be charge enough," cried the other and from his earnestness and the rapidity with which the striped coat was disappearing down the street, the policeman concluded

that the owner of it needed arresting, and started forthwith in pursuit.

Within two blocks he had two of his brother officers chasing with him, and farther on they gathered up another one, to say nothing of the several onlookers who joined for the pure pleasure of the chase.

And, indeed, it was a long and merry chase, and when it came to an end, as luck would have it, a patrol-waggon was just passing, and into it the triumphant bluecoats thrust their man in the striped coat, one of them going with him while the rest dispersed, the first retracing his steps till he met the breathless Mr. Hadley.

"Got him? Of course we got him. He's safe enough, never you worry. You can go down and appear against him in the morning."

"In the morning!" gasped Mr. Hadley. "In the morning! I'm not waiting till morning. It's right now that I want to talk to him!"

The officer regarded him a moment, and then, "Would yer mind tellin' me what the man has been doin'?" he inquired.

Mr. Hadley leaned against a building till he had regained his breath and his self-control.

"Six or seven years ago," he said, "my five children went out in a little gasoline launch for a day's excursion. That man went with them to run the launch for them. We never saw them again, and could get no trace of them, and supposed they had all been drowned together. But to-day I ran across him, and when he saw that I recognized him and was going to speak to

him, he ran. You will understand that I can't wait till to-morrow to know what became of my children."

The officer glanced at his watch. "My own time is up," he said. "I'll walk up with you."

"Take your time an' get your breath back," he added presently. "He is safe enough. It was Larry O'Flannagan had him by the shoulder, an' no man ever yet broke from Larry's grip when he once got a good grip on 'im. He's safe enough."

Safe enough he certainly was, and an hour later he stood face to face with the father of the Hadley children.

"You've made a mistake," he repeated. "You've made a mistake. My name is not Pearson. My name is Franks, John Franks. I never lived in the Port—never was across the line into Mexico at all, in fact. No, I never saw you before—not to my knowledge, at least."

But Mr. Hadley knew he was *not* mistaken, he knew the man *was* Pearson, and under his steady, stern gaze Pearson suddenly threw up the game with a vehement burst of profanity, winding up with the inquiry as to what earthly difference it made to Hadley about the launch, anyhow.

Mr. Hadley stared at him a moment.

"Launch!" he said slowly—"launch! What do you suppose I care about the launch? What I want to know is, What did you do with my children?"

It was now Pearson's turn to stare. His jaw dropped, and his face turned ashy.

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 200. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than October 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for October.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write a paper on the trade or profession you intend following. (Not to exceed 250 words.)

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Two travellers crossing a desert came upon a cask holding ten pints of water, and standing by it two measures, one holding seven pints, the other three. How can the travellers divide the water evenly between them, using only the measures and the cask?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on p. 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a paper (not to exceed 250 words) on John the Baptist.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write from memory the story of *The Three Bears*.

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

T..n .a.e .c..b.r .u.l .f m..r. g..e.
S.e.e.e.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a motor van, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell (in your own words) the story of Ruth and Naomi.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your school teacher.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a football, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for August.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Gwen Lowery, 5 Westfield Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne. 2. Andrew Wilson, 20 Roxburgh Street, Greenock.

Honourable Mention.—Mabel Brann, Ballyeaston Manse, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; Edith McGregor, 73 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Phyllis Child, Klosters, 69 Priory Avenue, High Wycombe. 2. Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Nellie Gregory, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Florinda Fowler, Laleham, Selwyn Road,

Eastbourne. 2. Katherine Gauld, 32 Belgrave Terrace, Aberdeen.

Honourable Mention.—Mina Crichton, Glenmanus, Portrush; Netta Wilkie, 28 St. Leonard's Street, Edinburgh; Maggie M'Dowell, The Cottages, Laurel Vale, Tandragee, Co. Armagh.

LETTER PUZZLE.

1. Walter Henry, Model School, Coleraine. 2. Denys Macbeath, 24 Village Place, Burnley, Leeds.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Beach, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Grace Kerr, Dunmurry, Belfast; Margretta Atchison, Kilgrane, Cloyfin, Coleraine; Violet Brooks, 31 Sandy Road, Carlisle; William Atkinson, 128 Main Street, Maryhill, Glasgow; Phyllis Morriss, 18 Hertford Street, Oxford.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Lily Stewart, Glenmanus, Portrush.

TRANSPOSED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Edwin Horn, Schoolhouse, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring. 2. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Edith Brann, Parade Manse, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; May M'Bride, 23 Pandora Street, Belfast; Annie Wilkie, 28 St. Leonard's Street, Edinburgh; Lucy Armstrong, Church of England School, Minshull Vernon, near Crewe.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Violet Banks, 6 Oakland Road, Dovercourt Bay. 2. Stanley Webb, 64 James Street, Oxford.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Nora Williams, Coldingham, Bell End, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Jessie Dore, 2 Carlton Villas, Rubery, Birmingham.

PUZZLE LETTER.

1. Irene Scouloudi, 29 Pembroke Gardens, London W.2. 2. Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen. 3. Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford.

The Absent-Mindedness of Genius.

THE absent-mindedness of great thinkers is a well-known phenomenon. When Morse had completed his wonderful telegraphic system, he confessed to a difficulty which appeared to him almost insurmountable. "As long as poles can be used," he said to a friend one day, "it is easy; but what must be done when we come to a bridge? We cannot use poles there, and the wire would break of its own weight without some support."

"Well," replied the friend, "why not fix the wires to the bridge?"

Morse looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then exclaimed: "I never thought of that. It's the very thing!"

This instance of mental concentration on one leading idea to the exclusion of all others is almost as remarkable as that told of Sir Isaac Newton, who cut one hole in his study door to allow his favourite cat to come and go freely, and another for the use of her kitten.

Pope's Preference.

THE Prince of Wales of Pope's time once said to the poet,—

"Mr. Pope, you do not like kings!"

"Sir," replied the poet, "I prefer the lion before the claws are grown."

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. October.

Name.....

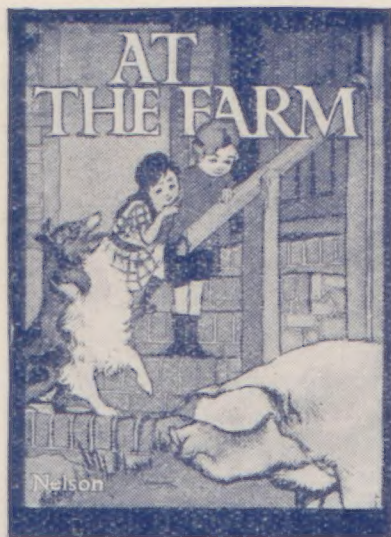
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Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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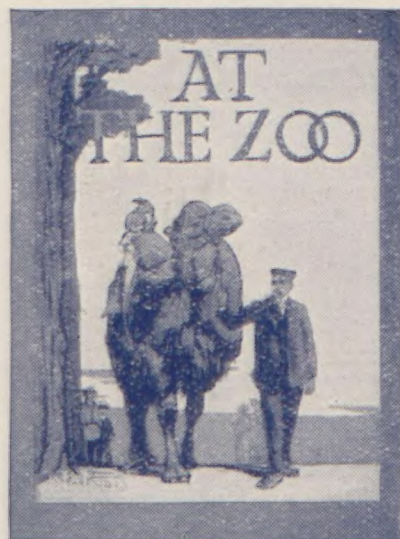
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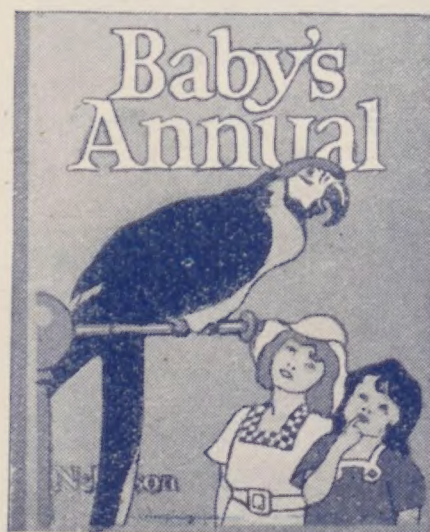


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